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(Continued.)

"You say it is?" Hillhouse's face was full of yearning indecision.

"Yes, the Clarion is mine, an' you are lucky to get rid of it. Now, listen to me. You say you're lived with your wife an' I'll be all right. That's all so, but I'll bet a horse to a gingerbread that I know 'er better'n you do. Now, I'll tell you what you will have to do. You'll have to work her so fine that she will think she is sellin' the paper. She's been boss so long that whenever you take a hand she gets her dander up and squares herself ag'in it. That's at the bottom of the whole thing."

"That may be a good idea, but I can't do it," Hillhouse answered. "I know that, everything that does happen is what she proposes. I can't recall a single thing that I ever mentioned that went through, while everything she hints at somehow goes right off the reel."

"Well, then, I'll have to help you out," Abner said with firmness. "I ain't paid for the work, but simply out of pity for you as a sufferin' man that I've knowed an' liked a long time. I'll take it in hand. Let me get at 'er. Is she at home now?"

"Yes," Hillhouse raised a pair of doubtful eyes—"you'll find her in the front yard where I left her a minute ago. But, Ab, I want you to be careful. When she is opposed she sometimes has hysterics so bad that a doctor has to come. The last time I called in, Dr. Stone he got mad at her for the way she went on. He told me that hysterics wasn't no actual disease, but was just imagination and the way some women hear of letting off steam. He came powerful near saying that it was what was meant by the evil spirit's our saviour used to cast out. She was lying there to all appearances unable to talk and making signs when he came in."

"He took one look at her and sniffed. He called me out of the room and said: 'She can talk as well as anybody. Nothing is the matter with her. I can't charge for visits like these, and I don't want to be called away from important cases when I don't do some good.' Now just get me a glass half full of water. Watch me close, and the next time she acts this way you administer the same treatment."

"I thought he was going to give her a dose of some soothing mixture, for he had his saddlebags with him, but I was mistaken. When I brought the water he hid the tumbler behind him and went in and stood over her. Then he asked her to sit up straight, and she did, he still keeping the tumbler out of sight. She hadn't more than reached an upright position when he dashed the water smack dab in her face. Oh, wasn't she mad! She hopped out of bed and told him if he ever dared that door again she would have the law on him."

"Well, I have cured you, haven't I? Doc grunted. 'And I am not going to charge for it.' And with that he left her mopping her face with a towel, madder than any wet hen you ever saw."

"I'll bet you never used the treatment," Abner commented dryly. "You ain't got backbone enough."

"No, I never did, to tell the truth," Hillhouse responded. "The treatment is simple an' cheap, and it worked like a charm in my wife's case, but a doctor is a privileged character. No, if you are going to talk in that way you must keep your wits about you. I hope you will accomplish something, but I don't feel at all sure about it. My wife is a strong willed woman, and she has had her way a good many years."

In the front yard of a simple cottage near by Daniel saw the object of his visit. She was a tall, thin woman, with blue eyes, narrow chestnut hair and almost bloodless skin. She stood up, a garden trowel in hand, a short piece of twine between her drawn lips, as Abner leaned on the gate.

"Good mornin', Sister Hillhouse," he smiled. "Don't let me stop you at your work. I was just passin'. I was in at the Clarion just now. Your husband says you run the house, an' I loved to see you doin' it. You do it some of my pine smoked cured hams."

"We don't need any," she answered cordially. "We have been using sugar cured hams from Chicago. The merchants here advertise with us, you know, and we feel that we ought to deal with them."

"Biggest mistake you ever made," Abner, unlinked the small gate and went in, ostensibly to examine and smell a certain extra. "You do it, I know, Sister Hillhouse, that our old fashioned smokehouse meat is miles an' miles ahead of the quick cured stuff that is shipped by the carload from the west. Why, you ort to be out our way, an' see how we do it. We hang the upper part of the smokehouse full of hams, shoulders, sides, spiced an' peppered sausage in clean inside corn shucks, an' then we make a fire in the center, out of seasoned hickory wood an' chips as dry as powder. We close the house tight an' keep the fire burnin' for days an' days. A Chicago meat drummer stopped one day to see the process, an' he told me that his stuff was just smoked barely enough to stain the outside a little tiny bit. He said that of western meat was smoked as thoroughly as mine that you folks would have to pay a dollar a pound for it. You see, wood ain't no object to us out our way, whar we

are constantly clearin' up new ground, an', as for the bother o' keepin' the fire goin', a child could attend to it, though a body has to make quick runs in an' out, holdin' the breath, to put chips on. I declare I'd rather see the smoke oozin' out betwixt the shingles of a smokehouse than any sight I ever looked at."

"I know your hams must be delicious, but—" "They are as sweet as sugar on the tongue," Abner went closer to the porch as he interrupted her. Two chairs in the shade behind the honey-suckle vines looked inviting.

"Take a seat and rest, Mr. Daniel," Mrs. Hillhouse now bethought herself to say, and as he accepted and doffed his hat she went on: "About the hams. Old fashioned eatables do seem to be passing out of use. Folks buy so many fancy things put up in cans here lately. I'll think over your meat and let you know. I noticed in the Clarion not long ago that you took a trip away. Where did you go?" She had seated herself by him and was divesting her thin hands of the cotton gloves she wore while doing garden work.

"Oh, I went everywhere, it seems to me," he was laying his hat carefully on the floor at his side—"north, west an' south; stopped quite awhile in Augusta. By the way, that's a pretty town, Sister Hillhouse—got the widest, shadiest avenues you ever laid eyes on. The big, fine houses, set away back on wide lawns as green an' level as a billiard table, with grass clipped as close as a convict's hair; an' roses! Oh, my! Joe Hillhouse's wife, Jane, your sister-in-law, has oceans of 'em both summer an' winter. I used to go to school with Joe over in Gilmer, an' he made me put up overnight at his new mansion. I felt a little like a yahoo at that fine table, with all them silver an' dishes an' silver contraptions. Jane is a wonderful up to date woman, jest the wife for a rich man like Joe."

"I never thought she was anything extra," Mrs. Hillhouse said frigidly, "not in education anyway. She never had half as many advantages as a girl that I had. Her pa was just a poor circuit rider, while my father owned the finest river bottom plantation this side."

"Jane's makin' up for lost time, I reckon," Abner seemed unconscious of the fact that he was interrupting her. "Up here in this God forsaken section she had no sort o' show for her natural talents, but down there in that swift town she is feelin' 'er oats. It is a pretty sight to see Jane in a fluffy yellow silk dress, cut low at the neck, an' her arms white as a plum in the air, of that scrumptious table orderin' them nigger gals to tote forward this an' that toothsome dish. Joe's makin' money like a dam broke loose. He's got a big, growin' business, an' he spends freely."

"Yes, he's doing well," Mrs. Hillhouse declared, with animation that crept from her flushed cheeks to her eyes. "He wants a partner too. He has written John to come down an' take an interest. Joe says we needn't have any rent to pay, that there is plenty of room for us all in his big house. Yes, he's crazy to have us come."

"You don't tell me," Abner exclaimed in well assumed astonishment. "An' what a pity, too, for John certainly is tied here hands an' feet. Unloadin' a piece o' property like a newspaper on his last legs ain't no little undertakin', I'm here to state."

"We'd have no trouble at all," Mrs. Hillhouse answered. "In fact, two young men here in Darley are now borrowing the money with the hope that we will decide to sell."

"Oh, them fellers!" Abner said, in a tone of sympathetic dismay. "Well, if your sole hope lies in that direction I'm sorry to say you will meet with disappointment. They can't do it after bein' turned down everywhere else. I couldn't lend money to crack brains like them an' told 'em so."

Mrs. Hillhouse's features fell into anxious gravity. It was as if she could think of nothing to say at the moment. "It is that way all through, Sister Hillhouse," Abner said consolingly as he took up his hat and fitted it over his knee. "There is always some wall or other rascal betwixt us an' the plums o' life—that is for some of us—you an' me an' John, for instance, but Jane an' Joe have drifted at high tide into a patch o' clover—especially Jane. If your husband jest could get in with his brother down there now you'd eclipse Jane mighty soon, for you know what's in the air. You are the dry rot of this measly old town."

"You say those young men can't get up the money?" the woman faltered. "No, they can't make the rifle," said Abner colloquially. "But you must pay Jane a visit anyway. She'd be glad to see you, I know, for she was me, an' I'm nothin' but a scrub. You ort to see her chicken house. It is in a great lot fenced off with wire nettin'. Her fine hens lay eggs that fetch a dollar a dozen for hatchin' purposes. It's a pretty sight. The water is good in Augusta, too—fine pure freestone, as soft to wash with as rain water, full o' sal soda."

"What a life you are missin', Sister Hillhouse! You could do like Jane says she is goin' to do—spend the winter there when all the New York millionaires are at the hotels playin' golf an' the yarm months here for a change. It makes me mad to think o' what a

little thing is standin' betwixt you an' all them advantages, but it is the little things that sump us an' tie the halter of failure round our necks. I guess John Hillhouse will hang on to that patent inside sheet till the subscribers bury 'im at th'r expense out o' gratitude fer the many obituaries he has printed about th'r kin. I don't know, I'm shore."

"I'm going to sell the paper," she said sharply. "John makes a botch of everything," he attempts. He tried awhile back to get me to consent to trade the Clarion for a farm miles and miles from civilization. If I had consented we'd be further from Augusta than we are now. Surely there are persons who will pay \$1,500 for a paper like that, and I'm going to find them if I have to run an advertisement in outside papers."

"That is one thing that would help you," Abner had the air of a paid legal adviser. "You certainly could give the buyer good reasons for you sellin' out, an' that would be an item. Just explain the offer Joe Hillhouse is makin', an' all doubts would be laid. Yes, I agree with you, Sister Hillhouse, if the paper is sold you'll have to do it. John never could do it in this world or the next, as fer that matter."

"I'm going to sell," the woman said. "I've never failed yet in anything I set out to accomplish. Jane Hillhouse



"I'm going to sell the paper," she said sharply.

may think I'll send the rest of my days in this poky town, but she will know differently very soon."

Abner rose to take his departure. As he stepped down to the ground he swung his hat idly at his side. "It is funny, but all this talk about sellin' the Clarion makes me think that I had a notion o' ownin' a weekly myself. I think a sight o' Howard Tinsley, an' he's about to go away off some'er to embark in newspaper work. I've got \$1,500 lyin' idle too. I'd never have dreamt o' tradin' with your husband. Like many men, he don't seem to know his own mind long at a time. Of course if I was to buy I'd want to deal straight out with you."

The woman was flushed with combined eagerness and anxiety. "I'll let you have it," she said. "John will do exactly what I say. He always does."

Abner turned toward the gate, putting his hat on to shade his face from the sun. "That is a paper that could be bought over in Gilmer county. I ain't been to look it over yet, an'—"

"But that would take you and Howard both away from home," urged the woman shrewdly. "Surely you'd rather have a paper here at Darley."

"Well, that is something in that too," Abner's entire being wore the vestments of a man being held unwittingly by a superior influence. "An' it tuck a woman to think of it too."

"Well, what do you say?" Mrs. Hillhouse followed him to the gate, which he was closing after him. "You will take it, won't you?"

"I'll swear," Abner said sheepishly, "you certainly know how to wheedle a feller. Shorely you kin wait till I take a trip over to Gilmer to look that plant over."

"It is now or never with me," was the firm answer.

CHAPTER VI.

The New Clarion.

IT was after dark when Abner and Mary reached home. Mrs. Trumbley was waiting on the porch, anxious to see the purchases her daughter had made for her. "What under the sun kept you so long?" she asked pettishly. "I've been to the door forty times and looked down the road—done your work an' mine both. Now I'll have to wait till sun up to see how you matched the cloth."

With much elation, Mary gave an explanation of the important deal Abner had made. "Howard won't go now, mother. Think of that!"

"Howard, Howard, Howard!" Mrs. Trumbley sniffed contemptuously. "To hear you all chatter, a body would conclude that the whole round world was turnin' fer that boy an' nothin' else. I hope you didn't make a fool o' yourself before Jim Tarp. A man with his solid business head ain't agoin' to visit a girl with serious intentions that is dartin' about a rollin' stone like Howard Tinsley."

"So old Ab had fifteen hundred cash, did he?" Tobias Trumbley drawled out as he leaned in the doorway to catch the conversation, his coarse skirt open at the neck. "I knowed the old duck had seeds laid by for a rainy day, but I hardly loved the pile was as big as that. He won't lose nuther. Them two'll make that paper walk along; you see if they don't."

(To Be Continued.)

Remarkable coincidence: The weather bureau predicted a storm and it stormed!

FUNERAL DESIGNS AND

BOUQUETS, BY

JOHN RECK & SON

"BABOUNSKY" IS ROBIN HOOD OF SERBIAN PEOPLE

Former School Teacher Has Become a Guerilla General.

Gevghell, Serbia, Jan. 6.—One of the picturesque figures of the European war is the Serbian "komitadj" or guerilla Ivan Stokovitch, known to fame as "Babounsky." The name is drawn from the famous Babounski, where recently the Serbs so long held the invading Bulgarians at bay. Ivan Stokovitch comes from that part of Serbia and is therefore known to his followers and to the Serbian population at large by a nickname indicating the fact.

A slight man, tall, with honest gray-blue eyes and the pale features of a student, he impresses the stranger with anything but the terror which his name inspires. Nor do his looks belie his real profession. For the redoubtable "Babounsky" was a school teacher until fired by an ardent patriotism he gave up his classes to gather about him a band of intrepid spirits in the fight for the release of the Turkish part of Serbia from the Ottoman yoke.

Ever since the first Balkan war he and his followers have been under arms. Unrecognized by the laws of war, they have taken their own risks of capture and of being executed. The refuge is in the Serbian mountains, and they have been willing to trust their security to their own astuteness and the impracticability of their numerous hiding places.

During the brief periods separating the first Balkan war from the second and the second Balkan war from the present European struggle, the internal administration of Serbia was in such a state of disorder that it seemed to "Babounsky" better to retain his band under arms and to assist in the administration of a rough and ready justice than to send his followers to their own firesides. In this capacity even in the short intervals of peace he kept his name as a kind of modern Robin Hood—the friend of the weak and the terror of the evil doer.

Especially since the complete breakdown of the Serbian administration following the flight of the government to Scutari, "Babounsky" became a personage of prime importance in Serbia. Before the advancing German and Bulgarian armies, town after town was evacuated. Sometimes the inhabitants were able to take a few of their belongings with them; more often they were forced to leave with the clothes they wore as their only possessions. But, or rather in the southern part of Serbia, where the greater part of the inhabitants are really of Turkish or Bulgarian extraction, only the Serbs fled and the offices of the government were left. While waiting for the arrival of the armies of their compatriots, they were not averse to going through the deserted Serbian dwellings and acquiring what they could.

"Babounsky" did not approve of this. Naturally the deserted dwellings and all in them would fall into the hands of the conquerors. That all right, but the loot of the war, that former neighbors should do the looting was not in "Babounsky's" code. And those who tried it were dealt with in a most summary manner.

Whoever among the Bulgarians was suspected of giving information to the advancing Bulgarian armies also received short shrift. A story is told of the first time when a certain pseudo-Serb known as "Kechko" was suspected of treason to the Serbian cause. "Babounsky's" band appeared upon the scene one night and with one blow killed him. He was arrested, tried in secret by the band at midnight and sentenced to be "sent to Salonika"—that is, taken to the banks of the Vardar river, staked and left in the bodies to drift down with the current to Salonika. All five were lined up on the bank. "Babounsky" gave the signal for the fatal blows to be struck.

"Kechko's" executioner, a lawyer from Belgrade, had never killed a man before and his hand slipped. The five bodies were thrust into the Vardar, but "Kechko" was still alive. A week later the Serbian consul at Salonika was called to the hospital. "Kechko" told him the story of his escape from death, but begged that he be kept secret until after his departure for the United States. Ultimately recovered from the unskillful stab of the Belgrade lawyer, "Kechko" quietly departed for America where he still lives, untroubled by the famous guerilla.

Whenever the allies troops have need of fresh meat or wood or mules one of the officers acquainted with the habits of the guerillas will order twenty sheep, two cords of wood or a hundred mules be brought into Negotin or Rappadar as the case may be by a Serbian peasant. The next day an equitable sum for the goods delivered and in time each Serbian who has been involuntarily levied upon for lamb or wood or mule receives his payment. "Babounsky" does not even keep a commission.

When, too, either Serb or Bulgarian in one of the towns occupied by the allied troops behaves in at grasping or dishonest way towards the French or the British it is not long before the punishment may take various forms, from death for treason to a dozen blows with a stout stick for cheating one of Serbia's allies. "Babounsky's" reputation is so well known. The magic phrase, "Listen, my friend—I shall see that 'Babounsky' hears of this!" usually has its effect.

AVENGING LUSITANIA LOSS.

New Bedford, Mass., Jan. 6.—James Cooper, a former mill overseer here, who joined the British Army after the loss of his wife's child on the Lusitania, "The Terror of the Sea," in this city in a fight on the Gallipoli Peninsula he jumped out of a trench, rushed to the opposing lines, and killed five of the enemy without receiving a wound. Cooper said that his act was inspired by the remembrance of what happened on the Lusitania.

Visitors to the Hague recently failed to find the Peace Palace, the oldest inhabitant recalled that they are using it now to store gunpowder in.

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NOTICE BRIDGEPORT HYDRAULIC COMPANY

NO. 820 MAIN STREET. Water rates for the quarter ending Jan. 1st, 1916, are NOW DUE and payable at the office of the Company, No. 820 Main Street. All bills must be paid on or before Jan. 15, 1916. Business hours on Saturdays from 8 A. M. to 12 M.

For the accommodation of the public the office will be kept open from 8 A. M. to 8 P. M. Mondays, January 3rd and 10th, 1916. ALBERT E. LAVERY, Secretary

BRIDGEPORT LINE TO NEW YORK

Fare 60 Cents STEAMER NAUTUCK Leave Bridgeport, Pequotnoek Wharf, foot of Union Street, daily except Saturday, at 12 night. Returning, leaves New York daily except Sunday, Pier 27 E. R., 11 A. M., foot of East 22nd Street 11:15 A. M. Due Bridgeport 3:30 P. M. J. H. COSCHRIE, Agent The New England Steamship Co.

U. S. ENGINEER OFFICE, NEW LONDON, CONN.—Public hearing will be held in Common Council Chamber, City Hall, Bridgeport, Ct., at 2:30 p. m., Jan. 10, 1916, on applications by city of Bridgeport for approval of plans for new bridge across Pequotnoek River at Grand St. and bridge to replace existing bridge across Pequotnoek River at East Washington Ave. Plans of both bridges will be exhibited at City Engineer's office, City Hall, Bridgeport.

G. B. PILLSBURY, Major Corps of Engineers. DESCRIPTION OF BRIDGES.

The proposed East Washington avenue bridge occupies the site of the present bridge. It is designed with one draw opening instead of the two present openings, and will be operated by a bascule lift. The east fender at the new draw will be on the same line as the east fender of the present west draw. The west fender will be about 10 feet west of the present west fender of this opening. The new draw will have 70 feet horizontal clearance between fenders, as compared with 60 feet in the present bridge.

The proposed bridge at Grand street will have one draw span with a 70-foot horizontal clearance between fenders, measured at right angles to the channel line. The draw will be centrally located with respect to the channel, which is straight in this locality. The draw will be a double-leaf bascule lift. Grand street and East Washington avenue Bridge Commission. C. H. POLLAND, Secy. T 29 *A 6 *

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